A U M

He who is enlightened by Tao seems wrapped in darkness. He who is advanced in Tao seems to be going back. He who walks smoothly in Tao seems to be on a rugged path.
—LAO-TSE

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THIS MOVING CYCLE

THE brass image fashioned by the old alchemist, Roger Bacon, warned the monk's disciple, "Time will be." The disciple had been given certain instructions to fulfill when the time came—care required by the image. Startled and frightened, the disciple did nothing. A little later the image stirred again. "Time is," came the insistent metallic voice. Again the disciple was afraid. He cowered in the corner of the laboratory, his master's warnings forgotten. Minutes passed. There was a whir and a clatter. Smoke and fire came from the brazen head while the image roared, *"Time was!"* The cunning work of Bacon's genius fell to the floor, a shattered mass of wheels, springs and parts.

Time, the Secret Doctrine states, is the succession of our states of consciousness, as we move through them. Each state presents a different relation between perceiver and objects perceived, and the adjustment of the intelligences involved to this new relation is called a cycle. Some adjustments are simple, others complex and difficult; hence, the differing periods of "time" for different cycles of adjustment. A scientist, Dr. Alexis Carrel, has employed the term, "biologic time." It is measured, not by hours or minutes, but by the internal relations of living organisms. What have the minute evolutions of cells, their rhythms of growth and multiplication, their adaptation to special function, their collective life cycle as organs and living forms, to do with the rigid, abstract intervals measured by the clock? Theirs is a *living* time, a movement of intelligence working through many and various forms of matter, in the closed and unitary system of instinct. Biologic time knows no early or late, it has no alarms, no warning voices. Elemental consciousness makes its own time and lives by it without conflict, lapse or deviation.

Time, for man, is of a different order. Time exists as an abstraction in the human mind because his evolution is "a journey of the 'pilgrim-soul' through various *states* of *not only matter* but Self-consciousness and self-perception, or of *perception* from apperception." Time is indeed a "fourth dimension," for he who lives in awareness of time must have a transcendental being outside of time as well. There is the world of cyclic processes themselves, the wonderful operations of the life of nature, interrelated, harmonious, creating, preserving, destroying and regenerating forms, imaging forth in objectivity the motions of intelligence, giving scope to the limited knowings of the kingdoms, making unities, joining opposites, endlessly experimenting in synthesis with the blind but undying genius of eternal life itself. And out of it all comes growth, forms more splendid, temples builded from the stuff of being, lives schooled through æons of slow evolution to be the servants, the willing slaves, if need be, of another order of life—creative lives.

How do these temples, these forms of life, serve man, the Master?

Each wheel of existence within his form is a rapport with the world of Nature, a window of perception into the processes of living things. He lives *in* those processes in order to know them. Their time is their own, their cycles their own, but *his* time and cycle is the time and cycle of learning to know. That is his world. It is a world of light which penetrates and runs through all, but does not change nor act; it illumines. The relations through which man passes are relations of consciousness. His world is made of states of consciousness, bounded by degrees of knowing. His cycles are measured, not by the shape or pattern his evolution achieves, but by the extent of his knowledge of the principles of things. Every form has an essence, a principle, a cause. He must know it. Every relation has a precedent, a reason, an effect. He must know them, too. The lives entrusted to him, his vital extension in space called "body," visible and invisible, are monadic mirrors of the whole. They are the keys to Law. They are his powers of perception. They are his soul in action, ambassadors of the Self, the eyes, ears, taste and touch of consciousness. They are the outlets of his seeing spirit, the messengers of his mind and will. They are the projectors of the drama of life upon the trestleboard of self-consciousness.

Within is the ego, the bright one, weaving the seamless fabric of self-existence. The senses, organs, feelings, powers,—all are but differentiated aspects of the ego's sight. The ego does not see the "thing," but the perception. The ego does not build, but *knows*, the

body. The builders build the body. The ego does not live in states of matter. The life of the ego is in Consciousness, states of knowing. The ego has nought to do with the atoms of experience gathered by the servants of the soul. The atomic fact gathered in by the mind is but a mote removed from the eye of soul. A pang suffered by the psyche opens another stop in the flow of compassion from the inner one. The soul grows by induction, by secret changes in vibration, by inward correspondence and subtle unities gained. The outward symbols of the concrete edifices of life must be reversed to understand the growing of the soul.

Races, nations, ages of human history—what are they but massive structures out of the past, marking the intervals in human learning? Science and art, religion and philosophy are more or less remote images of the soul's inward relations to its modes of seeing. Changes in those relations come with cycles of egoic time. Teachers point the way, the inward way, at each of these cyclic intervals. Avatars in their cyclic appearance come as heralds, master time-keepers of the periods of evolution through states of consciousness. Each great cycle begins a period of intensified learning in a particular relation of the principles of man. Races must, and do, embody the appropriate potentialities for the cycle of learning that is to come.

There is no mystic title blazoned across the portals of the twentieth century for all who run to read, but there are signs. There are the stirrings of mind which H. P. Blavatsky predicted for this cycle. There are the changes, terrible in aspect, which are shaking the civilizations of the world to their roots in human nature. There are the questioning cries, the gallant hopes, the magnificent devotion of the few, the strivings of the many to bring to birth a cycle that will have freedom for its inward meaning and its outward form. There is the immeasurable agony of the world that knows a little of what it wants but fears the cost of achieving it.

"Know ye not that ye are gods?" This is the lesson of the cycle, an old one, but a lesson that, in the passage of egoic time, has become the imperative of the hour. *Time is.* Self-reliance is at last come to its judgment day. Anthropomorphisms must pass, learned doctors must descend from their rostrums, and the men of God leave their pulpits to museums of the relics and errors of the past. The development of the intuition, a change in the relation of Buddhi and Manas—these are the requirements of the cycle.

The instruments of past races of evolution were focussed primarily in the lower principles. Desire has been the keynote of the age, and until the passage from the midpoint of fifth sub-race to its upward

arc toward the sixth, the natural tendency of human thought and action is directed through the lower mind, the mirror of name and form. Hence, in religion, the reliance on authority; in science, on evidence from "outside." But in the cycles to come, a great transition must be accomplished.

William Q. Judge wrote, "We implicitly believe that in this curve of the cycle, the final authority is *the man himself.*" This means undertaking the Path of the Unmanifested in earnest. It means the progressive mastery of the relation between the wisdom of the Self and the knowledge of the Actor, the Manas. It means that the order of reality presented by the soul to the mind, the ideals immediately in the heart, part of ourselves, must be accepted. They must be accorded the reality here which they possess in our dreams. Men must learn to think of themselves as beings of consciousness, moving through states of consciousness, and to recognize all else as but the reflections and crystallizations of the acts of consciousness.

Consider *The Secret Doctrine.* Is there a work more frustrating to the reader who seeks authority, even Theosophical authority? The forthright, clear, and unequivocal passages are all statements of philosophic principle. These, its author endlessly repeats, are the ideas upon which you must rely. If your path is not manifest, find it by searching your mind and heart. Ask no god, no teacher, no scripture, except to find a better way to ask yourself. Even the religions foolish ones tried to found upon Theosophy are dying. The depths of impersonal thought afford no resting place for dogma. The self-existing points which the soul needs are there, and must be found. Other Teachers have come, left legislative systems, ethical precepts, political ideals, occult lore of the body and its healing, allegories of mystic import, and bands of roving disciples to spread by word of mouth the doctrines of a way of life. But H. P. B., when all else had been done, brought the philosopher's stone itself, *as* itself. She taught the self-knowledge of spiritual ideas. This was not a cycle demanding the beneficent order of hieratic rule, nor a period when the psychic discipline of the Mysteries would leash the turbulence of the animal man. The *secret* doctrine had to become manifest. She spoke, as W. Q. J. said, from two planes higher than that of the ordinary mind. *Why?* It could not have been to depress mankind with the inaccessibility of wisdom.

The conjunction of cycles had brought the inexorable necessity of a higher relation between the human principles than had existed in past periods of development. A keynote had to be sounded, a rhythm

established, a vista opened. The literature of the Theosophical Movement, the lives of the Teachers, the course of the Movement are all a record of that necessity. There are a thousand simple ways of finding authority within, all illustrated in the guidance of the Teachers. Robert Crosbie inaugurated the practice in U. L. T. of self-reliance, which has become a historic demonstration of the unity growing from inward conviction, without external rule. Ages hence, may live a society founded on this principle, secure in its freedom through the freedom of men's minds, and grown slowly, but surely, through the centuries. There is that in every man which depends upon nothing but itself. When men learn to know That, to live in the knowledge of Its nature, then will be fulfillment of the great task of the Theosophical Movement, which will then have become, not the work of a few scattered pioneers, but the Movement of Mankind.

Era of Rebuilding

The moment is more opportune than ever for the review of old philosophies. Archaeologists, philologists, astronomers, chemists and physicists are getting nearer and nearer to the point where they will be forced to consider them. Physical science has already reached its limits of exploration; dogmatic theology sees the springs of its inspiration dry. Unless we mistake the signs, the day is approaching when the world will receive the proofs that only ancient religions were in harmony with nature, and ancient science embraced all that can be known. Secrets long kept may be revealed; books long forgotten and arts long time lost may be brought out to light again; papyri and parchments of inestimable importance will turn up in the hands of men who pretend to have unrolled them from mummies, or stumbled upon them in buried crypts; tablets and pillars, whose sculptured revelations will stagger theologians and confound scientists, may yet be excavated and interpreted. Who knows the possibilities of the future? An era of disenchantment and rebuilding will soon begin—nay, has already begun. The cycle has almost run its course; a new one is about to begin, and the future pages of history may contain full evidence, and convey full proof that

> "If ancestry can be in aught believed,
> Descending spirits have conversed with man,
> And told him secrets of the world unknown."

—H. P. B.

CIVILIZATION, THE DEATH OF ART AND BEAUTY

IN an interview with the celebrated Hungarian violinist, M. Remenyi, the *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter makes the artist narrate some very interesting experiences in the Far East. "I was the first European artist who ever played before the Mikado of Japan," he said; and reverting to that which has ever been a matter of deep regret for every lover of the artistic and the picturesque, the violinist added:—

> "On August 8th, 1886, I appeared before His Majesty—a day memorable, unfortunately, for the change of costume commanded by the Empress. She herself, abandoning the exquisite beauty of the feminine Japanese costume, appeared on that day for the first time and at my concert in European costume, and it made my heart ache to see her. I could have greeted her had I dared with a long wail of despair upon my travelled violin. Six ladies accompanied her, they themselves being clad in their native costume, and walking with infinite grace and charm."

Alas, alas, but this is not all! The Mikado—this hitherto sacred, mysterious, invisible and unreachable personage:—

> "The Mikado himself was in the uniform of a European general! At that time the Court etiquette was so strict, my accompanist was not permitted into His Majesty's drawing-room, and this was told me beforehand. I had a good *remplacement,* as my ambassador, Count Zaluski, who had been a pupil of Liszt, was able himself to accompany me. You will be astonished when I tell you that, having chosen for the first piece in the programme my transcription for the violin, of a C sharp minor polonaise by Chopin, a musical piece of the most intrinsic value and poetic depths, the Emperor, when I had finished, intimated to Count Ito, his first minister, that I should play it again. The Japanese taste is good. I was laden with presents of untold value, one item only being a gold-lacquer box of the seventeenth century. I played in Hong Kong and *outside* Canton, no European being allowed to live inside. There I made an interesting excursion to the Portuguese possession of Macao, visiting the cave where Camoens wrote his 'Lusiad.' It was very interesting to see outside the Chinese town of Macao a European Portuguese town which to this very day has remained unchanged since the sixteenth century. In the midst of the exquisite tropical vegetation of Java, and despite the terrific heat, I gave sixty-two concerts in sixty-seven

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Note.—This article by H. P. Blavatsky was first published in *Lucifer*, May, 1891.

days, travelling all over the island, inspecting its antiquities, the chief of which is a most wonderful Buddhist temple, the Boro Budhur, or Many Buddhas. This building contains six miles of figures, and is a solid pile of stone, larger than the pyramids. They have, these Javans, an extraordinarily sweet orchestra in the national Samelang, which consists of percussion instruments played by eighteen people; but to hear this orchestra, with its most weird Oriental chorus and ecstatic dances, one must have had the privilege of being invited by the Sultan of Solo, 'Sole Emperor of the World.' I have seen and heard nothing more dreamy and poetic than the Serimpis danced by nine Royal Princesses."

Where are the Æsthetes of a few years ago? Or was this little confederation of the lovers of art but one of the soap-bubbles of our *fin de siècle,* rich in promise and suggestion of many a possibility, but dead in works and act? Or, if there are any true lovers of art yet left among them, why do they not organize and send out missionaries the world over, to tell picturesque Japan and other countries ready to fall victims that, to imitate the will-o'-the-wisp of European culture and fascination, means for a non-Christian land, the committing of suicide; that it means sacrificing one's individuality for an empty show and shadow; at best it is to exchange the original and the picturesque for the vulgar and the hideous. Truly and indeed it is high time that at last something should be done in this direction, and before the deceitful civilization of the conceited nations of but yesterday has irretrievably hypnotized the older races, and made them succumb to its upas-tree wiles and supposed superiority. Otherwise, old arts and artistic creations, everything original and unique will very soon disappear. Already national dresses and time-honoured customs, and everything beautiful, artistic, and worth preservation is fast disappearing from view. At no distant day, alas, the best relics of the past will perhaps be found only in museums in sorry, solitary, and be-ticketed samples preserved under glass!

Such is the work and the unavoidable result of our modern civilization. Skin-deep in reality in its visible effects, in the "blessings" it is alleged to have given to the world, its roots are rotten to the core. It is to its progress that selfishness and materialism, the greatest curses of the nations, are due; and the latter will most surely lead to the annihilation of art and of the appreciation of the truly harmonious and beautiful. Hitherto, materialism has only led to a universal tendency to unification on the material plane and a corresponding diversity on that of thought and spirit. It is this universal tendency, which by propelling humanity, through its ambition and

selfish greed, to an incessant chase after wealth and the obtaining *at any price* of the supposed blessings of this life, causes it to aspire or rather gravitate to one level, the lowest of all—the plane of empty appearance. Materialism and indifference to all save the selfish realization of wealth and power, and the over-feeding of national and personal vanity, have gradually led nations and men to the almost entire oblivion of spiritual ideals, of the love of nature to the correct appreciation of things. Like a hideous leprosy our Western civilization has eaten its way through all the quarters of the globe and hardened the human heart. "Soul-saving" is its deceitful, lying pretext; greed for additional revenue through opium, rum, and the inoculation of European vices—the real aim. In the far East it has infected with the spirit of imitation the higher classes of the "pagans"—save China, whose national conservatism deserves our respect; and in Europe it has engrafted *fashion*—save the mark—even on the dirty, starving proletariat itself! For the last thirty years, as if some deceitful semblance of a reversion to the ancestral type—awarded to men by the Darwinian theory in its moral added to its physical characteristics—were contemplated by an evil spirit tempting mankind, almost every race and nation under the Sun in Asia has gone mad in its passion for *aping* Europe. This, added to the frantic endeavour to destroy Nature in every direction, and also every vestige of older civilizations—far superior to our own in arts, godliness, and the appreciation of the grandiose and harmonious—must result in such national calamities. Therefore, do we find hitherto artistic and picturesque Japan succumbing wholly to the temptation of justifying the "ape theory" by *simianizing* its populations in order to bring the country on a level with canting, greedy and artificial Europe!

For certainly Europe is all this. It is canting and deceitful from its diplomats down to its custodians of religion, from its political down to its social laws, selfish, greedy and brutal beyond expression in its grabbing characteristics. And yet there are those who wonder at the gradual decadence of true art, as if art could exist without imagination, fancy, and a just appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, or without poetry and high religious, hence, metaphysical aspirations! The galleries of paintings and sculpture, we hear, become every year poorer in quality, if richer in quantity. It is lamented that while there is a plethora of ordinary productions, the greatest scarcity of remarkable pictures and statuary prevails. Is this not most evidently due to the facts that (*a*) the artists will very soon remain with no better models than *nature morte* (or "still life") to

inspire themselves with; and (*b*) that the chief concern is not the creation of artistic objects, but their speedy sale and profits? Under such conditions, the fall of true art is only a natural consequence.

Owing to the triumphant march and the invasion of civilization, Nature, as well as man and ethics, is sacrificed, and is fast becoming artificial. Climates are changing, and the face of the whole world will soon be altered. Under the murderous hand of the pioneers of civilization, the destruction of whole primeval forests is leading to the drying up of rivers and the opening of the Canal of Suez has changed the climate of Egypt as that of Panama will divert the course of the Gulf Stream. Almost tropical countries are now becoming cold and rainy, and fertile lands threaten to be soon transformed into sandy deserts. A few years more and there will not remain within a radius of fifty miles around our large cities one single rural spot inviolate from vulgar speculation. In scenery, the picturesque and the natural is daily replaced by the grotesque and the artificial. Scarce a landscape in England but the fair body of nature is desecrated by the advertisement of "Pears' Soap" and "Beecham's Pills." The pure air of the country is polluted with smoke, the smells of greasy railway-engines, and the sickening odours of gin, whiskey, and beer. And once that every natural spot in the surrounding scenery is gone, and the eye of the painter finds but the artificial and hideous products of modern speculation to rest upon, artistic taste will have to follow suit and disappear along with them.

"No man ever did or ever will work well, but either from actual sight or sight of faith," says Ruskin, speaking of art. Thus, the first quarter of the coming century may witness painters of landscapes, who have never seen an acre of land free from human improvement; and painters of figures whose ideas of female beauty of form will be based on the wasp-like pinched-in waists of corseted, hollow-chested and consumptive society *belles*. It is not from such models that a picture deserving of the definition of Horace—"a poem without words"—is produced. Artificially draped *Parisiennes* and London Cockneys sitting for Italian *contadini* or Arab Bedouins can never replace the genuine article; and both free Bedouins and genuine Italian peasant girls are, thanks to "civilization," fast becoming things of the past. Where shall artists find genuine models in the coming century, when the hosts of the free Nomads of the Desert, and perchance all the negro-tribes of Africa—or what will remain of them after their decimation by Christian cannons, and the rum and opium of the Christian civilizer—will have donned European

coats and top hats? And that this is precisely what awaits art under the beneficial progress of modern civilization, is self-evident to all.

Aye! let us boast of the blessings of civilization, by all means. Let us brag of our sciences and the grand discoveries of the age, its achievements in mechanical arts, its railroads, telephones and electric batteries; but let us not forget, meanwhile, to purchase at fabulous prices (almost as great as those given in our day for a prize dog, or an old prima donna's song) the paintings and statuary of uncivilized, barbarous antiquity and of the middle ages: for such objects of art will be reproduced no more. Civilization has tolled their eleventh hour. It has rung the death-knell of the old arts, and the last decade of our century is summoning the world to the funeral of all that was grand, genuine, and original in the old civilizations. Would Raphael, O ye lovers of art, have created one single of his many Madonnas, had he had, instead of Fornarina and the once Juno-like women of the Trastevero of Rome to inspire his genius, only the present-day models, or the niched Virgins of the nooks and corners of modern Italy, in crinolines and high-heeled boots? Or would Andrea del Sarto have produced his famous "Venus and Cupid" from a modern East End working girl—one of the latest victims to fashion—holding under the shadow of a gigantic hat *à la mousquetaire,* feathered like the scalp of an Indian chief, a dirty, scrofulous brat from the slums? How could Titian have ever immortalized his golden-haired patrician ladies of Venice, had he been compelled to move all his life in the society of our actual "professional beauties," with their straw-coloured, dyed capillaries that transform human hair into the fur of a yellow Angora cat? May not one venture to state with the utmost confidence that the world would never have had the Athena Lemnia of Phidias—that ideal of beauty *in face and form*—had Aspasia, the Milesian, or the fair daughters of Hellas, whether in the days of Pericles or in any other, disfigured that "form" with stays and bustle, and coated that "face" with white enamel, after the fashion of the varnished features of the mummies of the dead Egyptians.

We see the same in architecture. Not even the genius of Michael Angelo himself could have failed to receive its death-blow at the first sight of the Eiffel Tower, or the Albert Hall, or more horrible still, the Albert Memorial. Nor, for the matter of that, could it have received any suggestive idea from the Colosseum and the palace of the Caesars, in their present *whitewashed* and *repaired* state! Whither, then, shall we, in our days of civilization, go to find the

natural, or even simply the picturesque? Is it still to Italy, to Switzerland or Spain? But the Bay of Naples—even if its waters be as blue and transparent as on the day when the people of Cumae selected its shores for a colony, and its surrounding scenery as gloriously beautiful as ever—thanks to that spirit of mimicry which has infected sea and land, has now lost its most artistic and most original features. It is bereft of its lazy, dirty, but intensely picturesque figures of old; of its *lazzaroni* and *barcarolos,* its fishermen and country girls. Instead of the former's red or blue Phrygian cap, and the latter's statuesque, half-nude figure and poetical rags, we see now-a-days but the caricatured specimens of modern civilization and fashion. The gay *tarantella* resounds no longer on the cool sands of the moonlit shore; it is replaced by that libel on Terpsychore, the modern quadrille, in the gas-lit, gin-smelling sailor's *trattorias.* Filth still pervades the land, as of yore; but it is made the more apparent on the threadbare city coat, the mangled chimney-pot hat and the once fashionable, now cast-away European bonnet. Picked up in the hotel gutters, they now grace the unkempt heads of the once picturesque Neapolitans. The type of the latter has died out, and there is nothing to distinguish the *lazzaroni* from the Venetian *gondoliere,* the Calabrian brigand, or the London street-sweeper and beggar. The still, sunlit waters of *Canal Grande* bear no longer their gondolas, filled on festival days with gaily dressed Venetians, with picturesque boatmen and girls. The black gondola that glides silently under the heavy carved balconies of the old patrician palazze, reminds one now more of a black floating coffin, with a solemn-looking, dark-clothed undertaker paddling it on towards the Styx, than of the gondola of thirty years ago. Venice looks more gloomy now than during the days of Austrian slavery from which it was rescued by Napoleon III. Once on shore, its *gondoliere* is scarcely distinguishable from his "fare," the British M. P. on his holiday-tour in the old city of the Doges. Such is the levelling hand of all-destroying civilization.

It is the same all over Europe. Look at Switzerland. Hardly a decade ago, every Canton had its distinguishing national costume, as clean and fresh as it was peculiar. Now the people are ashamed to wear it. They want to be mistaken for foreign guests, to be regarded as a civilized nation which follows suit even in fashion. Cross over to Spain. Of all the relics of old, the smell of rancid oil and garlic is alone left to remind one of the poetry of the old days in the country of the Cid. The graceful mantilla has almost disappeared; the proud hidalgo-beggar has taken himself off from the street-corner; the nightly serenades of love-sick Romeos are gone out of fashion; and

the duenna contemplates going in for woman's rights. The members of the "Social Purity" Associations may say "thank God" to this and lay the change at the door of Christian and moral reforms of civilization. But has morality gained anything in Spain with the disappearance of the nocturnal lovers and duennas? We have every right to say, *no*. A Don Juan *outside* a house is less dangerous than one *inside*. Social immorality is as rife as ever—if not more so, in Spain, and it must be so, indeed, when even "Harper's Guide Book" quotes in its last edition as follows: "Morals in all classes, especially in the higher, are in the most degraded state. Veils, indeed, are thrown aside, and serenades are rare, but gallantry and intrigue are as active as ever. The men think little of their married obligations; the women . . . are willing victims of unprincipled gallantry." (*Spain*, "Madrid," page 678.) In this, Spain is but on a par with all other countries civilized or now civilizing, and is assuredly not worse than many another country that could be named; but that which may be said of it with truth is, that what it has lost in poetry through civilization, it has gained in hypocrisy and loose morals. The *Cortejo* has turned into the *petit crevé;* the castanets have become silent, because, perhaps, the noise of the uncorked champagne bottles affords more excitement to the rapidly civilizing nation; and the "Andalouse au teint bruni" having taken to cosmetics and face-enamel, "la Marquesa d' Almedi" may be said to have been buried with Alfred de Musset.

The gods have indeed been propitious to the Alhambra. They have permitted it to be burnt before its chaste Moresque beauty had been finally desecrated, as are the rock-cut temples of India, the Pyramids and other relics, by drunken orgies. This superb relic of the Moors had already suffered, once before, by Christian improvement. It is a tradition still told in Granada, and history too, that the monks of Ferdinand and Isabella had made of Alhambra—that "palace of petrified flowers dyed with the hues of the wings of angels"—a filthy prison for thieves and murderers. Modern speculators might have done worse; they might have polluted its walls and pearl-inlaid ceilings, the lovely gilding and stucco, the fairy-like arabesques, and the marble and gossamer-like carvings, with commercial advertisements, after the Inquisitors had already once before covered the building with whitewash and permitted the prison-keepers to use Alhambra Halls for their donkeys and cattle. Doubting but little that the fury of the *Madrilenos* for imitating the French and English must have already, at this stage of modern civilization, infected every province of Spain, we may regard that lovely country

as dead. A friend speaks, as an eye-witness, of "cocktails" spilled near the marble fountain of the Alhambra, over the blood-marks left by the hapless Abancerages slain by Boabdil, and of a Parisian *cancan pur sang* performed by working girls and soldiers of Granada, in the Court of Lions!

But these are only trifling signs of the time and the spread of *culture* among the middle and the lower classes. Wherever the spirit of aping possesses the heart of the nation—the poor working classes—there the elements of nationality disappear and the country is on the eve of losing its individuality and all things change for the worse. What is the use of talking so loudly of "the benefits of *Christian* civilization," of its having softened public morals, refined national customs and manners, etc., etc., when our modern civilization has achieved quite the reverse! Civilization has depended, for ages, says Burke, "upon two principles . . . the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." And how many true *gentlemen* have we left, when compared even with the days of half-barbarous knighthood? Religion has become canting hypocrisy and the genuine religious spirit is regarded now-a-days as insanity. Civilization, it is averred, "has destroyed brigandage, established public security, elevated morality and built railways which now honeycomb the face of the globe." Indeed? Let us analyze seriously and impartially all these "benefits" and we shall soon find that civilization has done nothing of the kind. At best it has put a false nose on every evil of the Past, adding hypocrisy and false pretence to the natural ugliness of each. If it is true to say that it has put down in some civilized centres of Europe—near Rome, in the Bois de Boulogne or on Hampstead Heath—*banditti* and highway-men, it is also as true that it has, thereby, destroyed robbery only as a speciality, the latter having now become a common occupation in every city great or small. The robber and cut-throat has only exchanged his dress and appearance by donning the livery of civilization—the ugly modern attire. Instead of being robbed under the vault of thick woods and the protection of darkness, people are robbed now-a-days under the electric light of saloons and the protection of trade-laws and police-regulations. As to open day-light brigandage, the *Mafia* of New Orleans and the *Mala Vita* of Sicily, with high officialdom, population, police, and jury forced to play into the hands of regularly organized bands of murderers, thieves and tyrants[1] in the full glare of European "culture," show how far our civilization has succeeded in establishing public security,

[1] Read the "Cut Throat's Paradise" in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1877, and the digest of it in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 15th, 1891, "Murder as a Profession."

or Christian religion in softening the hearts of men and the ways and customs of a barbarous past. Modern Cyclopaedias are very fond of expatiating upon the decadence of Rome and its *pagan* horrors. But if the latest editions of the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography* were honest enough to make a parallel between those "monsters of depravity" of ancient civilization, Messalina and Faustina, Nero and Commodus, and modern European aristocracy, it might be found that the latter could give odds to the former—in social hypocrisy, at any rate. Between "the shameless and beastly debauchery" of an Emperor Commodus, and as beastly a depravity of more than one "Honourable," high official representative of the people, the only difference to be found is that while Commodus was a member of all the sacerdotal colleges of Paganism, the modern debauchee may be a high member of the Evangelical Christian Churches, a distinguished and pious pupil of Moody and Sankey and what not. It is not the Calchas of Homer, who was the type of the Calchas in the Operette "La Belle Helène," but the modern sacerdotal Pecksniff and his followers.

As to the blessings of railways and "the annihilation of space and time," it is still an undecided question—without speaking of the misery and starvation the introduction of steam engines and machinery in general has brought for years on those who depend on their manual labour—whether railways do not kill more people in one month than the brigands of all Europe used to murder in a whole year. The victims of railroads, moreover, are killed under circumstances which surpass in horror anything the cut-throats may have devised. One reads almost daily of railway disasters in which people are "burned to death in the blazing wreckage," "mangled and crushed out of recognition" and killed by dozens and scores.[2] This is a trifle worse than the highwaymen of old Newgate.

Nor has crime been abated at all by the spread of civilization; though owing to the progress of science in chemistry and physics, it has become more secure from detection and more ghastly in its realization than it ever has been. Speak of Christian civilization

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[2]To take one instance. A Reuter's telegram from America, where such accidents are almost of daily occurrence, gives the following details of a wrecked train: "One of the cars which was attached to a gravel train and which contained five Italian workmen, was thrown forward into the centre of the wreck, and the whole mass caught fire. Two of the men were killed outright and the remaining three were injured, pinioned in the wreckage. As the flames reached them their cries and groans were heartrending. Owing to the position of the car and the intense heat the rescuers were unable to reach them, and were compelled to watch them slowly burn to death. It is understood that all the victims leave families."

having improved public morals; of Christianity being the only religion which has established and recognized Universal Brotherhood! Look at the brotherly feeling shown by American Christians to the Red Indian and the Negro, whose *citizenship* is the farce of the age. Witness the love of the Anglo-Indians for the "mild Hindu," the Mussulman, and the Buddhist. See "how these Christians love each other" in their incessant law litigations, their libels against each other, the mutual hatred of the Churches and of the sects. Modern civilization and Christianity are oil and water—they will never mix. Nations among which the most horrible crimes are daily perpetrated; nations which rejoice in Tropmanns and Jack the Rippers, in fiends like Mrs. Reeves the trader in baby slaughter—to the number of 300 victims as it is believed—for the sake of filthy lucre; nations which not only permit but encourage a Monaco with its hosts of suicides, that patronize prize-fights, bull-fights, useless and cruel sport and even indiscriminate vivisection—such nations have no right to boast of their civilization. Nations furthermore which from political considerations, dare not put down slave-trade *once for all,* and out of revenue-greed, hesitate to abolish opium and whiskey trades, fattening on the untold misery and degradation of millions of human beings, have no right to call themselves either Christian or civilized. A civilization finally that leads only to the destruction of every noble, artistic feeling in man, can only deserve the epithet of barbarous. We, the modern-day Europeans, are Vandals as great, if not greater than Atilla with his savage hordes.

Consummatum est. Such is the work of our modern Christian civilization and its direct effects. The destroyer of art, the Shylock, who, for every mite of gold it gives, demands and receives in return a pound of human flesh, in the heart-blood, in the physical and mental suffering of the masses, in the loss of everything true and loveable—can hardly pretend to deserve grateful or respectful recognition. The unconsciously prophetic *fin de siècle,* in short, is the long ago foreseen *fin de cycle;* when according to *Manjunâtha Sutra,* "Justice will have died, leaving as its successor blind Law, and as its Guru and guide—*Selfishness;* when wicked things and deeds will have to be regarded as meritorious, and holy actions as madness." Beliefs are dying out, divine life is mocked at; art and genius, truth and justice are daily sacrificed to the insatiable mammon of the age—money grubbing. The artificial replaces everywhere the real, the false substitutes the true. Not a sunny valley, not a shadowy grove left immaculate on the bosom of mother nature. And yet what marble fountain in fashionable square or city park, what bronze lions

or tumble-down dolphins with upturned tails can compare with an old worm-eaten, moss-covered, weather-stained country well, or a rural windmill in a green meadow! What Arc de Triomphe can ever compare with the low arch of Grotto Azzurra, at Capri, and what city park or Champs Elysées, rival Sorrento, "the wild garden of the world," the birth-place of Tasso? Ancient civilizations have never sacrificed Nature to speculations, but holding it as divine, have honoured her natural beauties by the erection of works of art, such as our modern electric civilization could never produce even in dream. The sublime grandeurs, the mournful gloom and majesty of the ruined temples of Paestum, that stand for ages like so many sentries over the sepulchre of the Past and the forlorn hope of the Future amid the mountain wilderness of Sorrento, have inspired more men of genius than the new civilization will ever produce. Give us the *banditti* who once infested these ruins, rather than the railroads that cut through the old Etruscan tombs; the first may take the purse and life of the few; the second are undermining the lives of the millions by poisoning with foul gases the sweet breath of the pure air. In ten years, by century the XXth, Southern France with its Nice and Cannes, and even Engadine, may hope to rival the London atmosphere with its fogs, thanks to the increase of population and changes of climate. We hear that Speculation is preparing a new iniquity against Nature: smoky, greasy, stench-breathing *funiculaires* (baby-railways) are being contemplated for some world-renowned mountains. They are preparing to creep like so many loathsome, fire-vomiting reptiles over the immaculate body of the Jungfrau, and a railway-tunnel is to pierce the heart of the snow-capped Virgin mountain, the glory of Europe. And why not? Has not national speculation pulled down the priceless remains of the grand Temple of Neptune at Rome, to build over its colossal corpse and sculptured pillars the present Custom House?

Are we so wrong then, in maintaining that modern civilization with its Spirit of Speculation is the very *Genius of Destruction;* and as such, what better words can be addressed to it than this definition of Burke:

"A Spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors."

H. P. B.

CYCLES OF PSYCHISM
III

EACH century of western history is marked by waves and outbursts of psychic experience and phenomena. The cycle has its premonitory symptoms during the early decades of the century, and usually flowers at the midpoint, continuing and spreading its influence for a time, then diminishing gradually until the beginning of the next cycle. An interesting illustration of this cycle is provided by the Shakers, an ascetic Christian sect of which scarcely a dozen members are today alive. The psychological history of the Shakers really begins with George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, who in 1647 became filled with the conviction that he was a chosen instrument of Providence. He felt that the voice of God spoke within him. The religious reforms accomplished by the Quakers are well known, and the theosophist has nothing but respect and admiration for the nobility of purpose which animated George Fox and so many of his self-sacrificing followers. But we are presently concerned with the fact that his inspiration, whatever its origin, took the coloring of the emotional nature of George Fox—was filtered through his *psyche*—and the significance of the moving force he felt in his heart was given an interpretation he thought to be the true one. George Fox made no impartial comparison of his psychological experience with the psychological experiences of other men. Instead, he interpreted what he *felt* according to the prevailing religious beliefs of his times. This fact identifies his experience as essentially *psychic* in character.

So it was with Ann Lee, the "Mother Ann" of the Shakers. She was a member of "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," a small Quaker sect which was led by James and Jane Wardley in England at the middle of the eighteenth century. This group of religious enthusiasts had been formed under the inspiration of some Camisards, French Huguenots, who, years before, had fled to England to escape the persecutions which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Like so many who suffer for their beliefs, the Camisards believed they had clairvoyant inspiration. Mrs. Wardley was subject to seizures of "the spirit," bringing her, as she thought, special illumination, and she predicted the second coming of Christ in the form of a woman. Ann Lee, who joined the Wardleys in 1758, was born of poor Manchester parents and in her girlhood suffered from hysteria and convulsions. She preached in the streets of Manchester, accompanying her moving exhortations

with shouting, the unintelligible "speaking in tongues," and other physical manifestation. Hence the name of "Shaking Quakers," which later became simply "Shakers." Imprisoned for this behavior, Ann Lee claimed that Jesus appeared to her in her cell and became one with her "in form and person," which led the Wardleys and their followers to recognize in her the female Christ—the Bride of the Lamb. Persecutions only excited her to another revelation—that America would be the scene of Christ's Kingdom on Earth. Emigrating to the New World in 1774 with a handful of followers, "Mother Ann" established the first Shaker community near Albany. A few years later they were joined by a number of Baptist converts living in Lebanon, and from that time the community grew and branched out in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The Shakers were perfectionists, believing that they had established a veritable heaven on earth, and if their conduct is any criterion, this conviction was well founded. Some writers have likened them to the ancient Essenes. Their personal lives were models for a successful communistic enterprise. It is curious that as a sect, Shakerism survived and flourished for more than 100 years—longer than any other attempt at a communistic society—despite the rule of complete chastity established by Ann Lee. They lived on a simple fare, few of them eating meat, and were almost never ill. Celibates all, their numbers were augmented only by conversion, and by 1860 some 6,000 Shakers were in America, living in communities in New York and New England. Of peculiar interest is the Shaker community dance, which was a sort of shuffling march to one of their hymns, varied by occasional "whirling" for a considerable time.

Although the Shakers always professed to have intimate intercourse with the "spirit world," special intimations of the psychological upheaval which was to occur in America came to the Shakers in 1837. There were at that time sixty Shaker communities. The children of the Lebanon settlement were the first to experience the development of clairvoyant powers, and were seized with trances. It was not long before nearly all the members of the various Shaker settlements found themselves in communication with spirits. Much of their music they professed to have learned from "spirits." Realizing, however, that these manifestations would have marked them as insane in the eyes of a sceptical world, they maintained complete secrecy about their intercourse with spirits—most of whom were Indians—until after 1848. After the remarkable phenomena of the Fox sisters and other mediums had attracted widespread interest, an elder of the community, Frederick B. Evans, related the visitations

experienced by the Shakers, which had begun eleven years earlier. He said that the spirits had told the Shakers that the phenomena were destined to spread throughout America and Europe. Nearly every Shaker was a medium, according to their own word, and for seven years after the first "invasion" of the spirits whole houses of Shakers were periodically obsessed by Indian "spirits."

The experiences of the Shakers were more or less unique in their collective anticipation of the psychic phenomena which flooded over America, marking the mid-century cycle of psychism. There were, however, several individuals to whom religious revelations of a spiritualistic character came during this earlier period. In 1830 Joseph Smith and six of his followers organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to spread the teachings which had been revealed to him in a series of visions. He was, he claimed, personally visited by two persons of the Holy Trinity, The Father and Son. Later it was made known to him that he had been selected to preach a new gospel, and an angel who appeared to him directed the discovery of the gold plates on which the *Book of Mormon* was engraved in an unknown language. Enabled to translate the scripture by means of glasses provided by the Lord, Joseph Smith became the prophet whose new revelation was regarded as of equal authority with the Jewish and Christian scriptures. In thirty years the Mormons were well established in Utah and elsewhere, their number totalling some 200,000. Today there are 750,000 Mormons, serious men and women who are universally respected for their honesty, industry and sobriety. The head of the Mormon Church is believed by the Mormons to receive revelations direct from God, obtained through dreams or waking visions, "by voices without visional appearance, or by actual manifestation of the Holy Presence before the eye."

Joseph Smith's first vision followed his attendance at a religious revival held in Wayne County, New York. These outbursts of religious psychism resulted in several such "inspirations." The fierce revival of 1831 began the moody meditations of John Humphrey Noyes, who was to found the community of "Bible Communists" at Oneida Creek. He abandoned law and took up the study of theology. Finding no light in his course in divinity at Andover, he went to Yale, and there he learned through dreams that God had a divine plan which he, Noyes, was to realize in its perfection on earth. There followed a re-interpretation of the Gospel of Paul, which led to the formation of the Perfectionists according to the program revealed to this prophet of Christian communism. Like the Mormons, the Noyes community suffered many vicissitudes, but due to the inde-

fatigable labors so frequently exhibited by those who think themselves divinely inspired, it achieved a success in economic and social organization that is today well known. The Oneida Community is famous for the silverware produced in its factories. Both communities have held unconventional ideas on the subject of marriage—the Mormons as part of their religious doctrines, the Oneida communists as practical eugenists attempting to improve the race physically as well as spiritually.

Another forerunner of the spiritualistic cycle of the nineteenth century was the famous seer of Poughkeepsie, Andrew Jackson Davis. Born in 1826, as a boy he heard voices which gave him advice and comfort. He developed clairvoyant powers and it was discovered that he could diagnose disease. His powers were studied and fostered by a travelling mesmerist, William Levingston, and in 1844 Davis began to report long flights of soul experience while in trance. He claimed to have two venerable instructors whom he later identified as Galen and Swedenborg. In his nineteenth year he began writing about his psychic experiences, the Rev. William Fishbough acting as his amanuensis, who took down the revelations declared by the young man after he had been placed in a trance condition. During the course of his life Davis wrote twenty books, including a remarkable autobiography giving account of his clairvoyance and his psychic adventures, and his visions of the meaning of death and the states after death. His *Harmonial Philosophy* comprised a series of volumes and became virtually the bible of the spiritualists, passing through forty editions. This work contains a remarkably coherent theory of cosmogony similar to that of Swedenborg, and a detailed description of the "spiritual world." It also expounds a theory of evolution. Davis predicted the coming cycle of spiritualism, writing in 1847 that "the world will hail with delight the ushering-in of that era when the interiors of men will be opened, and the spiritual communion will be established. . . ." He should, however, be regarded as a *seer* rather than an ordinary medium, for he specifically renounced the idea of "control" by spirits, although admitting their aid.

It should be realized that the abnormal states of consciousness which had grown familiar to the people of Europe through the work of Mesmer and his disciples were not unknown in America. The doctrine of animal magnetism and its curative power first taught by the Viennese genius had various embodiments in America under other names. As early as 1830 John Bovee Dods lectured in New England on "Electrical Psychology," proclaiming electricity to be the connecting link between mind and matter. A Frenchman, Charles

Poyen, began giving public demonstrations of Mesmerism in America in 1836. Wandering through New England in 1838, Poyen met Phineas Quimby, at Belfast, Maine. Quimby, who was then thirty-six, soon discovered that he, too, had unusual mesmeric power. Obtaining a sensitive, Quimby began to diagnose the ills of the people of the village, using the clairvoyant perception of his subject. He found by experiment that it made little difference what medicine he advised, becoming convinced that his cures were effected by mental influence. On the basis of such experience Quimby evolved the theory that all disease is a mental delusion which can be eradicated by thought. After years of successful practice at Portland, Maine, he received in 1861 a letter from a Dr. Patterson, asking that Quimby exercise his "wonderful power" to free Mrs. Patterson (later Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy) of her invalidism. The essential ideas of Dr. Quimby's therapy, which he began to record in 1859 in the now famous "Quimby Manuscripts," are best known to the world as Christian Science.

New Thought, too, derives principally from the doctrines of Phineas Quimby. In 1869 a Swedenborgian minister of New Hampshire, Warren Felt Evans, pupil and patient of Quimby, began the flow of New Thought literature with publication of *The Mental Cure,* which, it appears from comparison, was little more than a religious version of Quimby's understanding of what he had learned from his own practice of Mesmerism. Thus, what had originally been the scientific revelation of the eighteenth century, Mesmer's rediscovery of the nervous fluid of the human *psyche,* and its extraordinary curative power through the will of the adept-physician, slowly became, by filtering through the untutored and materialistic minds of the age, spread by wandering quacks, and interpreted by ignorant though honest enthusiasts, the source of a hundred and one psychic cults and sects, each cherishing a fragment of the truth, but more often misusing it than not.

Even modern clinical psychiatry traces indirectly to Mesmer. Janet and Charcot, both of whom exercised great influence over Sigmund Freud, developed their doctrines in the atmosphere of the decadent mesmerism practiced by the French schools of psychologists. There is little, of course, in modern psychoanalysis that Mesmer would recognize, but the basic principle of all psychoanalytical therapy, the *influence* wielded by analyst over the patient, remains as the shadow of Mesmer's great contribution. Modern hypnotism, too, is a limited adaptation of Mesmer's technique, shorn of its moral and metaphysical significance.

CRISIS

THE power to act is a power of life. Action cannot be thought of apart from life, because action is the movement of life from form to form. No energy is ever lost, but manifests cyclically, now here, now there. Life is like the fire which, struck from the stone, lights the match which kindles the wood which boils the water which cooks the meal which feeds the man who strikes the match. The transformation of energy is the unceasing business of life. The mineral adapts the chemical elements to its "body," and the plant in turn transforms minerals into protoplasm with which to build its form. The plant tissues are refined by the animal into vital organs, and man, entering the animal form, shapes it to his own individual purposes, and develops its potentialities as he will. Each being on the ladder of evolution guides the transmigration of life-atoms in the forms below his. Man, the highest product of evolution, has the greatest creative power, the power of consciously clothing energy, force or life in a form shaped by his desire and will. This is his power to act.

Every action represents the transit of energy from potentiality into actuality, its encasement in a form distinct from other forms. Life is one, energy is a unity, but living things and forms of energy are infinitely varied. Spirit is mirrored in matter, but the reflection serves no purpose unless there is someone to reflect on it. That someone is man, who alone of all beings in evolution can view the two sides of life. Where other lives are spirit and matter, man is a three-sided being—spirit, matter and mind. Man appreciates, experiences and learns from the duality of nature by means of dual instruments of vision, which are called in Theosophy, the higher and lower minds. Man uses the higher mind to perceive unity, the lower mind to observe diversity. The plane of the higher mind is the plane of causes, principles, and the origin of action. The lower mind is the playground of forms, things and conditions.

Man acts as he "sees fit," and he sees through the mind. A man's actions thus confess his mental orientation. When he is subject to conditions, limited by forms, or involved in things, he is influenced by the lower mind, and has a tendency to indecision, vacillation and

inefficiency. But when the power of the initiatory is visible, when he habitually acts from principle, when he sets an example, or establishes a plan, there man is working through the higher mind.

A clear illustration of the two mental attitudes which activate human beings is afforded by a crisis, and here the original meaning of the word itself is evident, for "crisis" comes from a Greek verb meaning to separate. In a crisis a man is either stunned into inertia, or roused to action. This dual phenomenon of reaction is inexplicable unless the duality of the mind is known, but given an understanding of the different modes of thought, and their influence on the deeds of men, and an individual's power or lack of power over events can be explained.

All forms are temporary, and undergo periodic revision; forms of action are no exception. It is the transition from an old form or habit to a new one that is called a crisis. The man who uses his lower or "conditional" mind only, will naturally lose his mental bearings when conditions change, and will therefore be powerless in the crucial interval. But for the man of higher vision, who sees the cause and origin of events, a crisis is an opportunity to direct the energy freed from its old form into a new pattern of action of his own choosing. Which of these two general reactions any particular individual will make is determined by the general tenor of his thought.

"The theosophist," wrote H. P. B., "is left free and untrammeled in his actions." As nothing is ever said or done by the theosophical teachers except there is a spiritual necessity for it, the principle here stated by H. P. B. implies that the power to stand alone is essential to human evolution. It is the teaching of those who know the laws of soul progress that the future will see a cycle of spiritual independence, for which the present is preparing. Man has a foretaste of that cycle in moments of crisis, in those turning-points in Egoic history when all outside help avails him not, when no other than himself can guide his destiny. At such time, it may be, those who would help cannot, and those who can will not. With power must come the responsibility of not overpowering another, *even for his own good,* as it might seem. Those who know best the nature of the Soul, know first that it is ***free and untrammeled.***

AMONG YOUTH COMPANIONS

"It is the Master's work to preserve the true philosophy, but the help of the companions is needed to rediscover and promulgate it."

INTERESTING, that we've both studied Theosophy," John was saying, as he and Peter left the office one afternoon after work. "I've always found it very intriguing, and have read all sorts of books about it. What's your Theosophy?"

"Please don't call it 'my' Theosophy," Peter protested, as they walked up the street. "That's like laying claim to the air, when no man could breathe it all anyway. It's not as if *I* introduced Theosophy to the world, you know. Madame Blavatsky did that!"

"Well, then, shall I say, Madame Blavatsky's Theosophy?"

"I'm sure, from what she herself wrote, that Madame Blavatsky would not wish Theosophy to be called 'hers,' either," returned Peter. "She always said that the nature of Truth is universal, so how could one man possess it? You never hear a teacher of mathematics saying, 'Now, children, learn *my* multiplication table,' do you?" asked Peter, chuckling himself at the thought. "So, H. P. Blavatsky never claimed that she was the Source of Theosophy. She said in *The Secret Doctrine* that she merely 'transmits that which she has received and learnt to all those who will accept it'."

"I've always liked that idea of referring back to the source," John said then. "Whenever I come upon anything that attracts me in a book, for instance, I always want to know where the author got the idea, and if someone else suggested it to him, I like to look it up in the original myself. And, do you know, that is in a way what kept me from joining any of your—I mean," he corrected himself quickly, as Peter gave him a quizzical look, "*any* theosophical society. I've visited their meetings, but the leaders make me feel as if they want to stand between me and Theosophy, 'interpret' it for me, I suppose they would call it."

"What would you say if you found an association where there were no leaders, and no interpreters, where there were simply students studying the Theosophical source-books together?" Peter wondered out loud.

"I'd say, What do you mean by source-books?" countered John swiftly.

"The writings of H. P. B. herself, setting forth the philosophy of Theosophy," replied Peter, meeting his friend on his own ground.

"But that's not exactly the *source,* is it?" John persisted. "I've heard that Madame Blavatsky brought Theosophy from India, from the ancient books there."

"No, she did not bring Theosophy from India," Peter stated. "As a matter of fact, India was one of the places she brought Theosophy to! Nor did she simply translate some Eastern books. There were plenty of Sanskrit scholars to do that, if that had been all that was needed. You might just as well say, If there is Truth in everything, and everywhere around the globe, why did the Masters send another Messenger with the same ideas? But truth must be seen *inside* before it can be seen 'outside.' The Great Teachers don't bring 'new thought'; they work to open men's minds and hearts to the truths that are all around them.

"Perhaps we don't mean the same thing by 'source'," Peter went on. "Have you ever thought how the Wisdom-Religion has been preserved down the ages?"

"Well, they all say the Masters keep some kind of records. I don't know just how—"

"I suppose you're thinking of human records, but they are destructible; in fact, Mr. Judge says they are periodically destroyed. Why? Perhaps for the same reason that every other physical form is destroyed—so that a higher form may be evolved. The Wisdom-Religion has reincarnated many times in many different guises. Now, if the physical records do not keep Truth alive, what does? Where does Knowledge really live, so to say? Where else but in the Knowers of it? If all the books and manuscripts and ancient tablets were turned into ashes, wouldn't Truth still remain? So when we speak of the Source of Theosophy, we don't mean a book, but a body of perfected men."

It was evident that John was turning Peter's words over in his mind. Peter waited, and then, wishing to make his point clear, he said, "Here, I'll illustrate what I mean from the history of the present Theosophical Movement. A little over a decade after Mr. Judge's death, the original books of Madame Blavatsky had already been edited and interpreted by theosophical 'priests' to suit their own needs, and the pure teachings of Theosophy were rare collector's items. Were the books, the written records, enough to keep Theosophy alive and pure? No. There had to be someone who knew how to read them and who saw the importance of keeping them pure. In this case it was Robert Crosbie, who preserved the present message of Theosophy in its original form by refusing to let others interpret

original writings for him. Naturally, the 'form' could not preserve itself. He founded that association of students I referred to a little while ago, the United Lodge of Theosophists, following the lines laid down by the Teachers. Eventually this association once again made available to the world the writings of H. P. B., just as she set them down."

"So Mr. Crosbie wanted first-hand information," John said thoughtfully. "That's the only kind that really counts with me, too. I don't need anybody to read books for me: I'd rather do my own research," he declared vigorously, as if in memory of times the right had been denied him. "But what was that about following a line?" he asked, harking back to Peter's words.

"That was what Mr. Crosbie did," answered Peter. "Instead of following a person, he followed a path, or a line of direction. You see, H. P. B., and after her, Mr. Judge, established general principles of work, or a modulus for action. They were wise enough to know that the most any being can do to lead another on the path of right action is to make that path known to the other. We speak of the 'power of example,' for instance. Well, who knows but that is the only power a man has over his fellows, so long as their free will and free action are not obstructed? The Founders, therefore, founded not a society only, but more important than that, they gave the principles which, if followed, would lead men to study the Theosophical philosophy and live the Theosophic life. While H. P. B. and Mr. Judge were here in a body, they concentrated the power of the Society along those true lines of force, in the same way that a lens focusses scattered sunlight. But when first H. P. B. and then Mr. Judge retired to inner planes of being, the society held together by their presence here began to fly apart, and it was not long before the group broke into fragments. Several individuals tried to assume Mr. Judge's place, but they were not of his fibre, did not have his power of cohesion, and so instead of being a center of light, as he was, they cast shadows on the teachings, the shadows of their own personalities. That is what your intuition told you about the leaders in the societies you visited."

"I've often wondered why so many seemed to develop Messiah complexes," commented John.

"Delusions of spiritual grandeur are not uncommon, even among Theosophists," replied Peter. "Many forgot, or never really knew, the nature of the Teachers, and so lost the sense of their continuing identity. They were following the *persons* of H. P. B. and W. Q. J.

and not the plan of Masters that had been shown to them, so when those persons left the scene, and they had nobody to follow, they looked around for *leaders.*"

"You sound as if you don't like leaders," John said, chaffing him. "Well, that's all right. Neither do I. And that's why you'll never find me joining any group. A group needs a leader—and that's enough for me."

"Oho!" exclaimed Peter, rallying John in turn. "I see you've forgotten one of the first things I told you about U. L. T.: the Lodge is an association of students, *without a leader.* And before you say it can't last long, I will inform you that it was started in 1909, and has been growing steadily ever since! There is no organization, no officers, no constitution, no by-laws. Here—I'll show you the only document the Lodge possesses." And Peter fumbled in his pocket for a moment, bringing to light a U. L. T. Periodical. " I'll give you this as a souvenir, so you will know you didn't dream all this! You will notice it says the basis for union is *'similarity of aim, purpose and teaching.'* That'll give you something to think about!"

"Thanks," said John, taking the periodical. "I'll look it over on my way home. But as far as I'm concerned, I think I can study just as well, if not better, by myself. Why is working in a Lodge so important? Can't each one, working on his own, influence and help more people than if everyone is concentrated in one spot? Besides, from what you say, this Lodge doesn't seem to be too willing to gain followers or believers."

"You're right there," Peter declared. "Theosophy doesn't need believers nor followers, but students and workers. But the latter come of their accord. People may be converted into believers, or dazzled into being followers, but no one can make them study and work unless they themselves want to. The method of U. L. T. is not conversion, but conviction, and one of its watchwords is 'Theosophy is for those who want it'."

"But why a group?" John repeated his question. "I still think one can help more by himself."

"Again U. L. T. is following a principle, the principle of Brotherhood, which it was the first object of the original Theosophical Society to promote. This is the first principle of all Lodge activity: 'Unity, Study and Work,' and unity first. That is because the Lodge is working to establish Universal Brotherhood. If you think a minute, you will see that in the world at large there is plenty of study or research going on, plenty of discoveries; and there are many sincere

workers for the good of men, many societies and groups devoted to humanitarian ends. Why are so many of these efforts and so much of this energy wasted? Isn't it because there is no unity among the workers? There must be something important about unity and brotherhood, because it is the one refrain of all man's spiritual teachers."

"That seems to make the Lodge an experiment in brotherhood," John said, as he turned his corner. "I think I'll come to that U. L. T. of yours some day."

"Not *my* U. L. T., remember!" Peter called after him.

"A New Period of Growth"

Personally I have not the slightest doubt that the liberal arts will survive this war. Indeed, the chances favor a period of renewed vigor once the war is won. Those who are so fearful about the future of the liberal arts tradition manifest a surprising lack of faith in the vitality of this tradition. One is reminded of President Lowell's remarks at the conclusion of the Tercentenary Celebration: "If I read history aright," he said, "institutions have rarely been killed while they were alive. They commit suicide, or die from lack of vigor, and then the adversary comes and buries them. So long as an institution conduces to human welfare, so long as a university gives to youth a strong, active intellectual life, so long as its scholarship does not degenerate into pedantry, nothing can prevent its going on to greater prosperity." For "institutions" and "university" I venture to substitute the words "academic tradition" and "the study of arts and letters." Conceivably the humanistic studies, as they are sometimes called, cannot weather a period of hibernation while we win this war. But if that is so, the war will be the proximate, not the real cause of their demise. What is much more probable is a new period of growth and evolution. The extent and speed of this rehabilitation will depend on the imagination and statesmanship of those who now teach liberal arts.

—JAMES BRYANT CONANT

THE ACADEMIC BATTLE

THE interpretation of culture to mean *mere luxurious materialism* is at once the cause and the effect of the failure of collegiate education in the United States. Even before the war blacked out the liberal arts, higher education made a lamentably poor showing. We must examine the college "environment," or the general state of society in this country for the reason. Perhaps the clue is to be found in that classic American phrase, "a higher standard of living." Does this phrase apply to that growing awareness of spiritual values such as any man can recognize is the distinguishing mark of the truly human being? Or does it refer to mere physical culture and well-being? To the extent that we attach ourselves to things and conditions, and give the phrase its material meaning, we pay the price of spiritual poverty in our institutions of higher learning.

The institutions of "the fighting and the trading West" are a far cry from the Academy of Plato. Unlike its ancient predecessors, the modern college pays scant attention to either Philosophy—the learning of living, or Science—the living of learning. The roles of Science and Philosophy, once indeed part of the Mysteries in which wisdom was taught to men, are today enacted by amateurs who but dimly comprehend the meaning of the Drama of Life they would portray. Is it "philosophy" to toy with empty abstractions, and is it "science" to manipulate a puppet-like universe?

Among those who have given serious consideration to values of true culture is Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick, president of the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Fosdick surveys the work of the foundation in 1942[1]:

> In this "Review," three years ago[2] . . . an attempt was made to describe the disaster which the war was bringing to universities and laboratories. . . . Cultural values upon which civilization is based were being thrown to the winds. . . .
>
> Today the long shadows of the blackout are lengthening inexorably over the United States. . . . We are sacrificing values which, once they are lost, are not easily regained. The crisis presents us with a problem . . . how to win the war and at the same time preserve . . . those "great things of the human spirit," without which a military victory would in the end be nothing but ashes. History shows us that it is possible to lose a civilization even while armies and navies are triumphant.

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[1] *Science*, April 23.
[2] Quoted, THEOSOPHY XXIX, 532.

> As in Europe, so here at home, liberal education has been discarded for the duration. . . . Our young men are not to be trained in liberal understanding; they must be made into soldiers. Of necessity, their education must be an education in violence. . . . For the time being, at least, their generation may not share in the humane tradition on which alone the building of a worth-while future depends.

This, of course, is precisely the generation which is expected to construct and maintain the post-war millennium!

Dr. Fosdick points out that scientific effort has been lowered a whole plane in a few months, as if resting en masse upon a gigantic elevator.

> On all sides, fundamental research . . . is being curtailed or abandoned. . . . The completion of the 200-inch telescope . . . has been indefinitely postponed. The cyclotrons of the country have for the most part been forced to shut down or greatly limit their programs in pure research. Graduate schools across the land are only partially occupied; faculties are becoming scattered. And this is only the beginning of the dislocation; the end is by no means in sight.

Dr. Fosdick sees the matter as a problem of balance between two necessities—that of winning the war and at the same time of preserving what we believe we are fighting for:

> Our concern must be that in fighting this barbarian concept [fascism] we do not inflict so serious a wound upon the intellectual and spiritual life of our country that, though barbarism is conquered without, it finds a low resistance to growth within.

But history indicates that the end of a war of several years on this scale is likely to find, not merely a lowered resistance to barbarism, but practically none. This was what happened to Germany previously. The oncoming of barbarism as a result of victory is peculiarly dangerous because it is confused in the public mind with the glory of victory. It was not defeat that destroyed the culture of ancient Rome, but the accumulated effects of her military triumphs.

The cultural effort to stem the destructive effect of war might go farther if accompanied by some intelligible definition of fascism. So far, the only general definition which seems to cover the case is that fascism is "what our enemies believe in." If one pieces together the details of "fascism" as they appear in the individual curses of its enemies, they appear substantially to consist of race hatred and prejudice, greed and blood lust, domestic tyranny, hatred of thought and worship of passion, and an overwhelming faith in force and violence. But one wonders what there is in this that entitles "fascism" to a name of its own or to any claim as a new force in history.

Further, how is there to be found any place clean of it in our own social, political, or family life? A nation that easily and willingly discards its culture in order to win a war, while retaining a lavishly wasteful economy in other respects is hardly beyond danger of a fascist victory at home.

In essence, Dr. Fosdick calls upon the academic institutions to rally to the defense of culture "for the benefit of the generations to come. There must be no broken link in the chain, no flaw in the title deeds by which what we most cherish is transferred to the future." He says of the cultural institutions in general:

> Unless they keep the candles lit which have largely flickered out elsewhere around the world, we may reach the dim aftermath of war, with victory behind us, but with not enough light left to make it mean anything in terms of a brighter world.

The Corporation of Yale University has expressed itself vigorously in this cause:

> The Corporation wishes to impress upon Yale graduates and upon the general public the danger of the impoverishment of the nation's mind and soul, should the less tangible values of our culture be allowed to shrivel while our energies are devoted to the task of winning a war to maintain them. Of what worth is freedom from want, if our minds be on a lower intellectual level; or freedom from fear if we have a less cultured life to defend; or freedom of speech if we have poorer thoughts to express; or freedom of religion if we bring a less enlightened faith to the worship of God?

Unfortunately, for every educational institution taking the bold stand of Yale, there are a dozen hastening to convert as fully as possible to the "war effort," and to climb on the "band wagon" of government grants for military research and education, without any serious attempt to reserve a corner of the campus in which culture may be pursued. When and if the time comes that protests like that of Yale are themselves suppressed—and there are bills in Congress now to do that—then we may concede that fascism has swept the world and reigns supreme from pole to pole; the only question remaining to be fought out will be simply that of which nation or combination of nations is to administer its decrees.

History shows few cases of nations which have ever actually lost either their liberty or culture permanently to an enemy, except insofar as those ideals had already become hollow from internal decay. Ideals can be real forces in a democracy only if the people themselves hold them as of fundamental value. It would be strange optimism to imagine that Plato, Kant, or Descartes are "issues" in

the mind of the American masses; any more than the researches of Eddington, Jeans, or Millikan are something to be fought for, so far as those masses are concerned. The American people, as said, conceive of "culture" almost entirely in terms of automobiles, airplanes, food, drink, newspapers, "social security," clothing, and entertainment hardly on the level of the culture of which Dr. Fosdick speaks. Nor is it remembered that all these things could be retained, even augmented, in a condition of society which left truly intelligent men nothing to live for.

If such a social order were allowed to develop in this country, our educational system would have to bear a fair share of the blame, as such a development would show unmistakably that sufficient efforts had not been made to give other values than material ones to the business of living. Indeed, certain backward signs have long been evident, both in the subject-matter and the method of college education. For instance, what *vital* meaning have the teachings of the philosophers been given in the halls of learning? What has science contributed toward real culture? Abstract science ceased to be a living thing the moment that its materialists fixed in the minds of the people the notion that life led to nothing but death. In the hands of the Haeckels, the Huxleys, the Tyndalls, science lost for generations all chance to appeal to the public as a vital search for the secrets of a living universe. Since then people have been either clinging hopelessly to dying churches, falling into the arms of warped mysticism, or abandoning all spiritual hope in the pursuit of lust and license.

College education has been afforded to even the irresponsible waster who enters the classroom for purely social reasons, while men hungry for knowledge were left to dig ditches. This indiscriminate training has led to superficiality of culture and to its divorce from the realities of life, and the upholders of genuine education now find themselves a forlorn group indeed. Such a group will survive, and vital culture prevail, only if the members are possessed of an unbreakable determination to die for their cause, or rather, to live and labor for it under the most adverse circumstances. Lack of enough such men ended civilization in Germany, and can do so here.

Theosophists can do very little about what is to happen to liberal collegiate education during the war; but they can do very much about themselves, their work, and their Lodges. No religion, philosophy, or form of scientific knowledge exists in the world which is not a descendant of Theosophy or included within its teachings in basic

principle. No worth-while human achievement but could be built anew from Theosophy alone, even though all else perished and every institution of learning were turned into a permanent barracks. Thus if the end of the war sees only one Theosophist carrying on undaunted, making his work his life's issue, civilization and culture need not be lost. They merely must grow again from seed. It is even possible that such a growth would be advantageous, the seed being clean of the false ideas which have cursed the world for centuries.

The war will present an irresistible pressure against millions in every country, to force them hopelessly on the downward road; but with the collapse of dead forms of religion and culture, there will also arise an irresistible yearning for truth and righteousness in the hearts of countless others. If the seeds sown in 1875 be not preserved, then there must be a new dark age of many centuries' duration. That dark age will be far blacker than that which began in the Fifth Century, because only the humanities, not material power, will be lost.

Dr. Fosdick presents an example which many theosophists should be ready to follow:

> In 1881 the College of William and Mary in Virginia closed its doors for nearly seven years. The battles of the Civil War . . . had left the college physically in ruins; and although it struggled to keep going during the bitter time of reconstruction, it was finally overborne by financial catastrophe. But every morning during these seven barren years President Ewell rang the chapel bell. There were no students; the faculty had disappeared; and rain seeped through the leaky roofs of the desolate buildings. But President Ewell still rang the bell. It was an act of faith. It was a gesture of defiance. It was a symbol of determination that the intellectual and cultural tradition must be kept alive, even in a bankrupt world.
>
> In every school, college and university of America to-day we need to hear that bell ringing.

And in every Lodge we need to hear it ringing—as it was rung through long, lonely years, by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Robert Crosbie, in turn.

ICONOCLASM TOWARDS ILLUSIONS

A DISPOSITION not to interfere in any way with beliefs which are illusions prevails with many who dislike the pain caused by such tearing away of the veil. And the argument that illusionary beliefs, creeds, and dogmas should not be done away with so long as the believer is happy or good has been used by the Christian Church—and more especially by the Roman Catholic branch of it—as a potent means of keeping the mind of man in an iron chain. They are accustomed to add that unless such creeds and beliefs shall stand, morality will die out altogether. But experience does not prove the position to be correct.

For numerous examples exist in the dissenting or Protestant form of Christianity showing that the important doctrines of the Church are not necessary for the prevailing of good morals; and, on the other hand, immorality, vice, and crime in places high and low co-exist with a formal declaration of belief in the church dogmas. In many parts of Italy the grossest superstition and murderous vengefulness and crooked hearts are found side by side with an outwardly pious compliance with the ordinances of the Church and a superstitious belief in its dogmas. The whole Christian assembly of nations officially violates the commands of Jesus every day and hour.

Shall it be worse or better, or kind or harsh, to tear away the veil as quickly as possible? And if the iconoclastic attack should be made, for what reason ought one to hesitate because the operation and the attack may result in mental pain?

The only reason for hesitation lies in this fear to give pain; there can be nothing but good result from the change from an untrue and illogical, and therefore debasing, creed, if a system that is complete and reasonable be furnished in its place.

Were we dealing with children or with a race mind which though dwelling in an adult body is but that of a child, then, indeed, it would be right to lead them on by what may be entirely an illusion. But the day of man's childhood as an immortal being has passed away. He is now grown up, his mind has arrived at the point where it must know, and when, if knowledge be refused, this violation of our being will result in the grossest and vilest superstition or the most appalling materialism. No child is born without the accompanying pains, and now the soul-mind of man is struggling for birth. Shall we aid in

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NOTE.—This article was first published by Wm. Q. Judge in the *Path*, December, 1892.

preventing it merely for the avoidance of preliminary pain? Shall we help a vast brood of priests to refasten the clamps of steel which for so many centuries they have held tightly on the race-mind? Never, if we see the great truth that we are preparing for a cycle when reason is to take her place beside the soul and guide the pilgrim to the tree of life eternal.

Be not beguiled by the argument that 'tis unwise to tell the truth. It is but the song of the siren, intended to lure the traveler to his doom.

Tell the truth, but do not force it. If even a pious soul should lose the historical Jesus Christ and see instead the glorious image of the Self in every man, that were a gain worth all the pain the first rude shock might give. The danger of lifting the veil of Isis lies not in the doctrines of Unity, Reincarnation, and Karma, but in untaught mysteries which no Theosophist is able to reveal. The change from dogma or creed to a belief in law and justice impartial will bring perhaps some tears to the soul, but the end thereof is peace and freedom.

That "great orphan Humanity," now grown up, no longer needs the toys of a thousand years ago, but requires, and with a voice like the rush of mighty waters demands, that every veil shall be lifted, every lie unveiled, and every light be lighted that can shed a ray upon the remainder of its toilsome road.

A. T. Mana.

The True Ascetic

We might say with truth that Jesus was an Ascetic, yet he never withheld himself from other men, and never desired to do so. His aim was to benefit mankind, and he touched Humanity—his fellow-men—in every possible direction, wherever it was permitted. The true ascetic must of necessity take that course. He is one who tries to get all the knowledge and all the power that he possibly can, in order that he may lay these at the feet of his fellow-men and do them service. There is nothing forbidden to him in the whole universe. With Saint Paul he will consider that now all things are lawful to him, but all things may not be expedient. He judges of the necessity of any action from the need of the case in hand, and finds that his hand is not stayed in any direction by any rules whatever, nor by any ideas that may prevail among the men of his time.

—R. C.

ON THE LOOKOUT

The Sensate Mind

Human nature's penchant for the spectacular is Proteus-like, and civilization at times appears to be but a chorus of its various manifestations. Theosophy teaches that in this period of evolution man is exhausting the development of the principle of desire, *Kama,* and preparing for the next cycle, when mind, or *Manas,* will be developed. Therefore, it is according to cyclic law that the sensate mind, *Kama-Manas,* is now overwhelmingly in evidence. The extremes have a great attraction for this lower mind, because it characteristically flies to pleasant and to unpleasant ideas. The fascination with the extraordinary has been superlatively exploited in modern advertising, by means of which Americans, and others to a lesser extent, are slowly being taught that if a thing isn't "terrific," it probably isn't any good at all. Consider the progress of modern medicine, as presented to the man in the street. Day by day he reads of the miracle "cures" that science is discovering to end man's woes of the body. A "shot" for this, a new vitamin compound for that, spinal injections for painless childbirth, and new blood for old. Almost monthly, another cure for cancer is heralded, only to be forgotten, along with other dreams. Medicine is caught in the psychology of the power age: it *will* force the body to behave as science thinks it should, force the organs with batteries of drugs, electric shocks, sudden blitzes of chemic energy which simple nature cannot withstand. The doctrine of "help Nature and work on with her" is unknown to modern medicine: physicians would rather concentrate on combatting countless breeds of germs, that, like fiends from a nether world, tantalize and still elude them. That there may be a way to "get along" with even germs of disease, by becoming constitutionally immune, is an undreamed-of solution.

"Behind the Sulfa Drugs"

Latest cycle of medical "victory" is the drama of the sulfa drugs. Science, the press now tells us, has "triumphed again." This, like some of the others, is a triumph worth looking into. The sensational aspect of this new success is noted by Dr. Iago Galdston, in his short history of chemotherapy, *Behind the Sulfa Drugs.* He remarks in general of medical progress: "The discoveries in curative medicine are generally of a dramatic nature and yield prompt as well as

tangible results, while the discoveries that bear on disease prevention and on the promotion of health are seldom dramatic and most often difficult to appreciate."

And a more forceful illustration could hardly be found for his statement than the spectacular history of the sulfonamides. Some indication of their sudden popularity are the following figures:

> Six years ago sulfanilamide was a comparatively unknown drug. Three years later about 187 tons of this drug were sold in the United States, much of it over the druggist's counter.
>
> This year the sale of drugs in the sulphonamide group may easily exceed a million pounds. This amount in dynamite would represent the acme of safety as compared with the potential damage and destruction of human life of such a huge amount of an invaluable but treacherous drug in unskilled or indifferent hands. ("The Dangers of Sulfanilamide," by Dr. C. G. Salsbury, in *Southwestern Medicine,* July, 1941.)

"Stay of Execution"

Are the sulfa drugs as bright a star in the crown of curative medicine as Dr. Galdston implies in his book? He repeats the accepted limitation that they "offer a stay of execution, rather than a full pardon," and some readers must be left in doubt as to the value of that stay of execution. What, for instance, is the import of statement like the following?

> The sulfonamides are, therefore, effective in the treatment of certain acute manifestations of disease, but they can not basically or biologically eliminate the disease potentiality that may be resident in the individual.
>
> Stated bluntly, the social and biological effects of the use of the sulfonamides are in a large measure likely to be as follows: they will save the lives of many individuals—only to have those individuals sicken of numerous other diseases later.

What are those other diseases? Will any of them arise from the sulfa drugs themselves? Who will say that the patient's potential toward disease has not been increased by these derivatives of coal tar, a substance whose reputation has been darkened since the day when its name was linked with the development of degenerative diseases?

Clinical Complications

Four fatal cases of sulfathiazole treatment are reported in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association (July 4, 1942), in which "autopsy revealed histopathological lesions [injured tissues] not

characteristic of any known disease." Two doctors of Union Memorial Hospital (Baltimore), found themselves with a growing conviction that fatalities could be traced to sulfathiazole. They selected four clearcut cases. Their purpose was to arouse vigilance. They found pathological lesions in liver, lungs and spleen of all four cases and "the clinical data of the cases showed only one common factor, namely that sulfathiazole was administered." Sodium sulfathiazole was advanced as "the long hoped-for beneficial treatment of sinus trouble," but experiments reported in the *Journal,* May 2, 1942, later proved that the drug is actually dangerous. The same journal, July 18, 1942, warned against the use of sulfathiazole within the skull. This had been considered by some surgeons as a means of fighting infection in war wounds of the head and brain or in operations for removal of brain tumors. The use of the sulfa drug in such a manner may result in convulsions and even death, was the report.

"MILITARY MEDICINE"

Two doctors, writing on "Renal Complications of Sulfadiazine," say:

> The recent literature concerning sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole renal culculi, causing anuria with at least six deaths reported in a summary of the literature out of 29 cases by Kawaichi and Rogers, and 2 deaths reported by Lindner and Atcheson, testifies to the lethal qualities of these drugs. That the new drug sulfadiazine should be devoid of these serious complications, as was suggested by experimental and clinical reports, was optimistic to say the least.
>
> In spite of this evidence of the low incidence of renal complications in the literature, we have seen eleven patients with various types of renal symptoms or anuria due to sulfadiazine alone, and we have seen as many patients with renal complications due to the other sulfonamides. We feel that there exists a false sense of security concerning sulfadiazine, which should be modified because of its increased use in military medicine. One can imagine one's embarrassment trying to treat a soldier in the jungles of Malaya or the deserts of northern Africa if he is suffering with anuria due to the sulfonamides. (*Journal* of the A. M. A., June 27, 1942.)

The New York *Times,* December 27, 1942, reports that "because the sulfa drugs are not always effective in the treatment of local wounds incurred in battle," the British armed forces in North Africa use another drug in connection with the sulfas.

"Blitz" Therapy

The sulfanamides can cause "a peculiar type of anemia," lowering the number of both red and white blood cells, according to Dr. Gustav J. Martin of the Warner Institute for Therapeutic Research of New York City (New York *Times,* April 13). Dr. Martin also reported that "a deficiency in vitamin K, the anti-hemorrhagic vitamin, has been demonstrated to occur both in animals and in human beings treated with sulfanamides (sulfa drugs). This results from an inhibition by the sulfanamides of the intestinal synthesis of this vitamin." The sulfa drugs find ever-increasing fields of application, Dr. Martin relates, and are "more commonly used as a sort of 'blitz' therapy in infections. . . ."

A scholarly account of sulfanilamide appeared in *Harper's,* March, 1939, based on material furnished by Dr. Ralph R. Mellon of the Institute of Pathology of the Western Pennsylvania Hospital. (Dr. Mellon is the Scientific Director of the Institute, and one of the authors of *Sulfanilamide Therapy of Bacterial Infections.*) The article points out that sulfanilamide—

> circulates in the blood stream which contains about 25,000,000,000,000 red cells. More than 2,000,000,000,000 of these die natural deaths everyday, but the mortality rate may be considerably increased by the presence of sulfanilamide, and the result is a dangerous form of anemia. The number of disease-fighting white blood cells may also be reduced through the action of the chemical.

Enforced Hibernation

Sulfanilamide does not kill germs, according to the theory advanced by the Institute of Pathology. Basic principle of this theory is the fact that "growing germs will eventually kill themselves off if their waste products are not removed or neutralized." The net result of sulfanilamide, it is believed—

> is to permit the germ to 'stew in its own juice,' so to speak. Thus 'stewed,' the germ is readily eaten and digested by the white blood cells.
>
> But bacteria aren't easy to kill even when sulfanilamide and the human body unite against them. The microorganisms, like the body's cells, are living beings and they play many tricks in their struggle for existence. Germ-devouring white blood cells can be deceived by the ruses of their supposed victims, for mice that were apparently cured of infections have sometimes rolled over dead weeks or months afterwards. A plausible explanation for such unexpected events is afforded by the fact that bacteria can go into a dormant state and thus fool the leucocytes into thinking they are dead. Since germs

resent extermination as much as any form of life, they sometimes go into hibernation when they come up against such growth-inhibiting substances as sulfanilamide. That is to say, they temporarily cease to multiply.

This bacterial quietude, however, may only be the calm before the storm . . . . dormant bacteria are simply biding their time until sulfanilamide is eliminated from the blood stream. Then this possum-playing stops and some of the bacteria start multiplying and infecting tissues with renewed vigor. It is for this reason perhaps that doctors have found it necessary to continue administration of the drug even after the patient is apparently convalescent. . . .

SULFA DRUG IMMUNITY SHORT-LIVED

Sleeping bacteria soon die, but they may awake and try to re-infect sulfanilamide-containing tissues, for the drug is rapidly eliminated from the body and a single dose remains effective for only about 6 hours. Therefore, to stun at least bacteria it has seemed necessary, particularly in the severe cases, to give a patient large amounts of the drug at first, and then follow this up with smaller doses so that the dormant germs never have a chance to revive—for medicine has no evidence that sulfanilamide, once eliminated with the body's waste materials, leaves any protection behind.

TOXIC TONIC?

The various toxic effects of sulfa drug treatments should induce extreme caution in their use. The fact that unfavourable results can occur "is a reminder that sulfanilamide is safest when administered under the direction of a physician prepared to meet any emergencies," the *Harper's* study points out:

The drug is clearly *not* a universal remedy to be bought and used by anyone who bothers to walk to the corner drugstore. . . .

. . . medicine is by no means satisfied with its new weapon against infectious diseases. Although sulfanilamide has proved effective in the treatment of many bacterial infections and although related compounds have pointed the way toward a chemotherapy for virus diseases, chemists in laboratories the world over are still hopefully synthesizing new drugs and seeking new cures.

This was written in 1939, but the note of warning has been sounded repeatedly since. Dr. Salsbury (quoted above) concludes his article on "The Dangers of Sulfanilamide" with these words:

An authority on obstetrics once observed that 95% of the babies and their mothers would get along just as well whether they had been delivered by an old grandmother or a physician but that if the obstetrician could not do something to help the 5% who had real difficulty he might as well choose another profession.

> Perhaps for the purposes of this paper we might reverse the figures and say that possibly 5% of patients taking sulfanilamide treatment might do just as well by buying the drug over the counter and prescribing for themselves but unless the doctor can do something for the 95% of those who need scientific care he had better devote his time to a less exacting profession.

"Disappointing Discovery"

That chemical research is being devoted to study of a new theory of germ-control and that medical scientists are finding a new treatment for many baffling diseases would be encouraging for the layman, if he did not at the same time observe that undesirable aspects of the new theory are being generally overlooked. The premature use of the new treatment by the general public has provided "human guinea pigs" for determining the effects of the drug. That these "trial patients" were *unconscious* that they were experimenting with themselves more often than they were curing themselves, is no excuse for the practice. That many individuals may be willing to be culture mediums for they-know-not-what untoward developments, does not give anyone, least of all reputable scientific agencies, the right to allow public dispersal of unproved remedies. This latter practice has been especially noticeable in reference to sulfa drugs, and the spread of misinformation about various "cures" of this nature has all the disturbing characteristics—and effects—of false rumours. The situation is described in the *Journal* of the A. M. A. for June 6, 1942:

> At one time or another, one of the sulfonamide derivatives has probably been exhibited in every illness known to man. Newer and more effective derivatives are constantly being brought out, and disease after disease falls before the progress of the new chemotherapy. As with other dramatic new treatments, however, the toxic effects of these drugs are being neglected among a welter of favorable reports. The effects of this group of drugs on the nervous system has hardly been investigated, yet the nervous system is frequently injured. . . .
>
> It is possible that the synthesis of new multipotent derivatives will be brought to a standstill by the disappointing discovery that the more toxic these drugs are to bacteria the more toxic they are to the human cell. . . .

"Social" Effects

Nor is this all. It is evident already that epilepsy and insanity are resulting from some sulfa drug treatments, but such facts barely reach the public. Science Service reports:

> Individuals who have recently received doses of the sulfa drugs may make wrong decisions because of mental confusion that sometimes persists after this treatment. (*Science,* Jan. 8.)

Nurses tell how patients sometimes have to be strapped in "to keep them from doing crazy things" after sulfa drug treatments. There is the case of a man who while under the influence of sulfathiazole "became quarrelsome, resistive, aggressive, profane and generally uncooperative":

> Within thirty-six hours after the sulfathiazole had been withdrawn all mental abnormalities disappeared. Although the patient could not remember the exact details, he knew that his behavior had been objectional and apologized for this profusely. From this time on he was cheerful and cooperative. (*Journal* of the A. M. A., June 6, 1942.)

The June 27, 1942, issue of the *Journal* reports in detail the case of a nurse in the Army Nurse Corps, admitted to a station hospital immediately after an automobile accident. The conclusion of the report states that pulmonary abscesses and arterial embolism resulted after a sustained concentration of sulfathiazole in the blood, but the treatment was eventually followed by "a complete cure." In spite of the "complete cure" the patient was sent to a Neuropsychiatric section which makes an addendum to the original report, noting residuals such as constant headache, depression, apathy, distressing organic troubles and a complete change in character. The woman had been a pleasant, cooperative, modest person:

> Visiting nurses who knew her before the accident were explicit in their description that she was now an entirely different woman because of her restlessness, use of vulgarity, aggressiveness, irritability and unreasonableness.

A change in the disposition of a sulfa patient is not surprising when it is recalled that the sulfa compounds act like hormones (New York *Times,* Dec. 28, 1941). The astral character of hormonic control was suggested in THEOSOPHY XXX, 232.

PERMANENT EFFECTS UNKNOWN

The Connecticut State Medical Journal for January prints two articles on "The Toxic Manifestations of Sulfonamide Therapy," the first by Dr. Perrin H. Long, director of the Department of Preventive Medicine at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Long, one of the pioneer American workers in sulfonamide therapy, states, "The question of the degree of permanent damage produced by sulfonamide toxic reactions is as yet unsolved." Dr. J. Grant Irving, associate medical director of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, in

the second article points out, "As each of the sulfonamides has come into more widespread use the earlier enthusiasm has been tempered by the increasing evidence of severe toxicity."

And yet there is no move to discontinue public dispersal of sulfa drugs until the important question of their lasting effects on the human system is settled!

A Motif of Irresponsibility

The popular preference for the "pound of cure" as against the "ounce of prevention" apparently plays a dominant role in sulfa drug therapy. The evidence that the pound of cure may be so much dynamite, in terms of future undesirable complications, is either ignored or unknown by the general public. A motif of irresponsibility, so to speak, has been a recurring theme in the sulfa drug drama. Theosophists can connect this manifestation of shortsightedness with that other, and more serious form, on the mental plane, which shows itself in the attitude that the Law may somehow be appeased, that some way or other may be found to sidestep right and full retribution for past actions. An understanding of Karma would eliminate this mental "hangover" from the false doctrine of vicarious atonement, for according to the rule of rigid justice, cycles must run their course, not excepting the individual cycle which normally ends, as Mr. Judge says, in the disease *"passing down and out* through the natural gateway, our bodily frame." Mr. Judge called a practice which interferes with this natural cycle, "Replanting Diseases for Future Use." We may call it, in modern parlance, a "delayed rebroadcast" of physical Karma. Disease is the physical expression of a metaphysical force, the force of man's thoughts and feelings and actions, and that force will dissipate itself, if not in one way, then in another, inevitably. "Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge, Or after many days."

Epitome of Religion

On May 8, Dr. W. A. Nichols, religious editor of the New York *World-Telegram* announced:

> What is probably the most complete epitome of religious conception, aspiration and development covering 180,000 years boiled down so that the whole story is included in a small poster size sheet, is just off the press of Rand-McNally & Co. It is called the Histomap of Religion and is the work, covering many years, of John B. Sparks, an engineer by profession, who was actuated by a desire to develop a sense of the whole by piecing and laying in contiguity all the strivings of the human soul from the first known reaching toward the infinite to the present day.

"General Unity of Purpose"

The newspaper account quotes Mr. Sparks' own words:

> "As all faiths are in correlation with each other in the cultural history of mankind, their mutual indebtedness and general unity of purpose in spite of the widest diversity of dogma and ritual becomes evident," the author declares. "An understanding of these different religions reveals that the Christian approach to God is not the only one. . . ."

A more propitious day could hardly have been chosen for the publication of the "Histomap of Religion" than May 8, the anniversary of the passing of H. P. Blavatsky, whose first book, *Isis Unveiled,* was written to prove the *one universal truth* behind all religions.

"A Commonwealth of Human Values"

Mr. Sparks further describes the social value of understanding the factors common to all religions:

> "What unites free peoples is faith, an emerging unity of human purpose, a commonwealth of human values transcending all differences of race, creed or economic status. This faith, this conviction of unity and mutual responsibility must ultimately lead men to a common religion, or rather to a philosophy common to all religions."
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> This, Mr. Sparks maintains, will be a corrective to results following the frequent lack of Christian approach in solving social and economic problems, age-old prejudices of class, race and creed and the lust for personal, political and ecclesiastical power which has led one group after another to subordinate their faith in the wider spiritual unity to current limited unities of class, nation or race.

A study of the Three Objects of the present Theosophical Movement, printed inside the cover of THEOSOPHY, will show that it has been the transcendent purpose of Theosophists for over half a century to keep alive in the world and promulgate the "philosophy common to all religions" which Mr. Sparks anticipates. That philosophy is none other than the knowledge of brotherhood, and the inculcation of that uniting faith depends on the formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood among those who desire to disseminate and exemplify their conviction. The basis for such a nucleus is laid in the Declaration of the United Lodge of Theosophists, which will be found printed inside the back cover of this Magazine. The very problems toward which Mr. Sparks notes "a frequent lack

of Christian approach" are those which the principles of the U. L. T. Declaration are destined to solve: the dissensions and differences of individual opinion, the relative importance of the issues now before the world, the cause and cure of prejudice, selfishness and the lust for power. In U. L. T. all who are working for the benefit of their fellow-men, and who desire to better prepare themselves for that work, may unite in a free association with others who share the same aim, purpose and teaching. Thus will the highest interests of Humanity be most directly served.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

Many are the stories of children remembering their past lives, and almost all indicate the reason why such stories are not even more frequent: the child's *memories* are not accepted as such by his grown-up companions. The child is close to Devachan, and reminiscences of the life last lived manifest more easily in him than in the adult, whose brain-mind, crowded with new impressions, prevents the clear flow of Egoic memory. When to this is added the further fact that the child's parents or adult friends may not "believe" in reincarnation, it is all too obvious that many a child's natural intuition of pre-existence has been overlaid with the skeptic doubts and incredulous reception of those who have forgotten their own "past history,"—with the result that another Immortal becomes "a man of little faith."

The February Freud-Burlingham Report from London on the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc., discusses the children's attitude toward death. Many of the children have been in close contact with death, especially those who have lost their fathers in the war. The children reported on seem to be under seven years of age, and "Bertie," five-and-a-half years old, "is most concerned about the problems of life and death":

> He is the only one among our children who lost father and mother nearly simultaneously. His father was killed in the raids of November, 1940, and his mother, who developed an acute psychosis, as a result of the shock, was certified and sent to an insane asylum four weeks later. It took Bertie a long time to admit that his father was dead. When he did so finally, his thoughts began to busy themselves with the idea of his return, with general theories about death and rebirth and his own possible past in them. At times he can discuss the subject simply and sensibly, as for instance in the following conversation with a grown-up. He said: "Will you be old very soon?" (Yes, I suppose so.) "Will you fall down dead then?" (Yes, I think

so.) "Will I fall down dead very soon?" (No, not yet. You are very much younger. Are you afraid of it?) "Yes, I am, and my daddy fell down dead and mummy is in the hospital."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

One night Bertie was talking to the nursery superintendent about his father's death, and asked—

> "Do people never come back if they are killed? Did nobody come back from Heaven?" (I don't know anybody who came back.) "Can nobody see God? So if God would come to us, nobody would know him and they would all fight him."

It has more than once occurred to much older heads that man's daily living, on the planet Earth, can hardly be said to fit him to recognize a Saviour in the flesh. Neither is there much in history to justify the idea that man is capable of giving even due respect to his spiritual elders. Man's blindness toward the genius that is present to him is notorious. If any one of the Witnesses to the Truth who have appeared in past cycles were to reappear before men's eyes today, the reception accorded him would doubtless bear out five-year-old Bertie's prophecy: "Nobody would know him and they would all fight him."

SUBSTITUTE FOR SANTA

To one of Bertie's questions no answer is recorded. After pondering on the difficulties of bringing God down to earth, Bertie asked, "Why can't all the killed daddies come back and be little babies and come to mummys again?" Here is plainly suggested the idea of Reincarnation, but there is no indication that Bertie's intuition was confirmed by his "helper." It is cause for wonderment that those desirous of fostering a child's best health, mental and physical, do not cultivate such a natural solace as the concept of rebirth provides. All manner of pleasant fancies, from "Santa Claus" down (or up), are encouraged in child minds, in order to make or keep them happy. Why not reincarnation? Certainly, for those young or old, who face the death of their loved ones, no idea is more reassuring to the mind, and sustaining to the heart, than that of Reincarnation.

"BEING BORN"

The discerning teacher finds that the concept of reincarnation arises naturally in the minds of children, if they are trained to think for themselves, and if their inherent ideas are carefully attracted to expression and development. But discerning teachers are few, for the faculty of discrimination comes only with true knowledge, and true knowledge is rarely sought today. More often than not, when

innate wisdom is pronounced by the old soul in a young body, it passes unnoticed by the very ones who have the opportunity to cultivate it. Bertrand Russell, in *Education and the Good Life,* provides an illustration:

> I find my boy still hardly able to grasp that there was a time when he did not exist; if I talk to him about the building of the Pyramids or some such topic, he always wants to know what he was doing then, and is merely puzzled when he is told that he did not exist. Sooner or later he will want to know what "being born" means, and then we shall tell him.

Master Russell, in the seventeen years since the above passage was written, has in all probability been told "what 'being born' means." Perhaps he has been told that being born means the beginning of himself, and that being dead will mean the end of himself. Perhaps he has been encouraged to imagine that he started from "scratch" with a clean blank slate for a mind, and that any inborn traits of character or special aptitudes are not his own, but merely inherited from his ancestors, near and far-removed. Perhaps he has been taught the pernicious doctrine that he is not accountable for what happens to him in life, whether personal, family, national or racial events.

But has anyone ever answered his original question, What was I doing when the Pyramids were being built? Where now is that innate feeling he once had, that made him certain he was doing something even before he took up his present body? Perhaps the question Job was asked is posed to every parent and teacher at some time, by some child, in slightly different words: Where was I when the foundations of the earth were laid? Declare if thou hast understanding!

Stumping the Experts?

A sixth grade student wrote the editor of the Washington *Post,* as follows:

> Dear Sir:
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> We are studying the world. We would like to have some information on the following topics:
>
> 1. How the world started? 2. How the world changed? 3. How the world actually is now? 4. Our relationship to the world. 5. How we can best leave this world for the others who follows us?
>
> We will greatly appreciate it if you will send us some information on them topics.
>
> Yours truly,
> Betty Mulligan.

The *Post's* reply read:

> We are only certain, Betty, that others will follows us and that we are determined that they shall find this a more beautiful world even than we have found it. Like the rest of us, you will probably spend most of your life trying to find the answers—that's what life is for—and will find that each ultimately finds them for himself. All the answers are in the Bible, particularly in the story of Jesus.
>
> We do know one thing: The world is a beautiful place even though there are some people who try to make it seem otherwise. (Staten Island *Advance,* March 26.)

Mindful, no doubt, of the optimism of youth, the editors refrained from informing their youthful inquirer of the discouragement and disappointments inherent in her five topics. Betty was not told that for many, many years, many, many men did not stop to think out these problems for themselves, but relied instead on a certain outwardly foolish and inwardly wise little book,—that same Bible to which she is referred—whose tales are told in a glyph as unreadable by ordinary minds as the glyph the ancient Egyptians cut in stone. Betty was not told either of the welter of conflicting opinions and speculations on each of her five topics, of the uncertainty, among even life-time students, of a sure answer to these simple-seeming questions.

THE CRUSADING SPIRIT

But after all, these are things Betty will find out for herself, after a few more years in school. She, like most of her classmates, will for a time be fired with the desire to learn the origin of species. The history of the great discoveries in all fields of knowledge will arouse in some degree at least the "crusading spirit" for which each generation in turn is famous. The vision of making the world over may touch her then, while she surveys the field of battle from the lofty eminence of the "ivory tower" known as formal education. But when, still later, she descends from the tower to the plain of everyday life, that vision of a new order may waver and blur, as a dream fades in the unpitying glare of day. The crusading spirit falters as difficulties present themselves, unless that spirit is strong in the conviction that man is mightier than matter, and is its rightful director. That conviction in turn is based on knowledge of the power of the spiritual will, a knowledge which is the common property of mankind. Only a few in any age, or perhaps only one, consciously know and use the mighty force of Will, and thus show their allegiance to that company of brave souls who are the mental and moral pioneers of human progress.